That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Morina*: ſo
The Dove of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes, which are paide as debts,
And not as given, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with envie rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the unborne event,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime,
Which never could I ſo convey,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which never ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profite, let not conſcience which is but cold, in flaming thy love boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which even women have caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſouldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods ſhould have her,
Here ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou

Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd.

Enter Marina with a basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to ſtrew thy greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple, Violets and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang upon thy grave, while Summer dayes doth laſt. Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempeſt, when my mother dide: this world to me is like a laſting ſtorme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*? why de'ye weepe alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume your bloud with ſorrowing,
You have a Nurſe of me. Lord how your favour's
Chang'd with this unprofitable woe:
Come give me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereave you of your ſervant.

Dion. Come, come, I love the King your father, and your ſelfe, with more than forraine heart; we every day expect him here, when he ſhall come and finde our Parigon, to all reports thus blaſted. Hee will repent the breadth of his great Voyage, blame both my Lord and mee, that wee have taken no care to your beſt courſes. Go I pray you, walke and be chearefull once againe; reſerve that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of young and old,
Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will goe, but yet I have no deſire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the leaſt.
Remember what I have ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leave you my ſweet Lady, for a while: pray walke ſoftly, doe not heate your bloud; What, I muſt have a care of you.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.19) Octavo